

LA MORGUE.

BY P. B. WEST.

We are of dust, and unto dust return,
All that is mortal, shares the common fate
Of untold myriads, that have gone before
And as in life, so death finds all,
The good alone are great.

Where e'er the Sun's illuminated track,
Hath swarmed with busy life, or who abide
Shadowed by arctic, or antartic night,
The dead are there—once animated dust,
In power, or humble pride,

The sea, that vast majority maintains
O'er circumscribed area of the land
Teems with its untold dead,
Resolving all, to seeming nothingness,
Works of the Maker's hand.

Oh could the hidden graves but speak,
Whether of ocean buried, or of dust,
Or midst eternal snows, or burning sands,
What startling language would astound the ear
Sustain, confirm, the just.

Titled and honor'd, sleeping side by side
With sluggard, beggar! some of manor born;
Profund in learning, or the savage—fierce!
Awakened to such discord, wild
The tumult, of such morn!

Formed of the dust 'to dust shalt thou return,'
And yet, the God breathed spirit is set free,
And unto Him returns, who gave it birth
Gave habitation, and desire
To live, by His decree!

What can avail, the clouds are gathering fast,
Death's night approaches! they have naught to
fear
That do Thy will; Thou Holy One—and just,
In wisdom Thou hast made them all,
Thine aid is ever near.

Eternal Spirit! that pervadest all,
Unseen by mortal eye, Thy self, unseal
The vision, that beyond the vale extends,
Why should we languish and the loss deplore
What earth cannot reveal.